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JOGGIN' ERLONG

PAUL LAURENCE
DUNBAR

1. 2. 18

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Joggin' Erlong

Joggin' Erlong

By

Paul Laurence Dunbar

Illustrated with Photographs by
Leigh Richmond Miner
and Decorations by
John Rae

New York
Dodd, Mead and Company
1906

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Published, October, 1906

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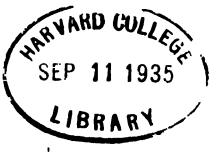

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TO MY FRIEND

WILLIAM L. BLOCHER

WHO AIDED ME FINANCIALLY
IN THE PUBLICATION OF
MY FIRST BOOK
"OAK AND IVY"

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Joggin' Erlong

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JOGGIN' ERLONG

JOGGIN' ERLONG

DE da'kest hour, dey allus say,
Is des' befo' de dawn,
But it 's moughty ha'd a-waitin'
W'ere de night goes frownin' on;
An' it 's moughty ha'd a-hopin'
W'en de clouds is big an' black,
An' all de t'ings you 's waited fu'
Has failed, er gone to wrack —
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah we'n de night 's been long.

Dey 's lots o' knocks you 's got to tek
Befo' yo' journey 's done,
An' dey 's times w'en you 'll be wishin'
Dat de weary race was run;
W'en you want to give up tryin'
An' des' float erpon de wave,
W'en you don't feel no mo' sorrer
Ez you t'ink erbout de grave —
Den, des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night 's been long.

De whup-lash sting a good deal mo'
De back hit 's knowed befo',
An' de burden 's allus heavies'
Whaih hits weight has made a so';
Dey is times w'en tribulation
Seems to git de uppah han'
An' to whip de weary trav'lah
'Twell he ain't got stren'th to stan' —
But des' keep on a-joggin' wid a little bit o' song,
De mo'n is allus brightah w'en de night 's been long.

SLING ALONG

SLING ALONG[1]

SLING along, sling along, sling along,
De moon done riz,
Dem eyes o' his,
Done sighted you,
Where you stopped to woo.
Sling along, sling along,
It ain't no use fu' to try to hide,
De moonbeam allus at yo' side,
He hang f'om de fence, he drap f'om de limb,
Dey ain't no use bein' skeered o' him.
Sling along, sling along.

1 This is the last dialect poem that was written by Mr. Dunbar

Sling along, sling along, sling along,
De brook hit flow,
Fu' to let you know,
Dat he saw dat kiss,
An' he know yo' bliss.
Sling along, sling along.
He run by yo' side,
An' he say howdydo,
He ain't gwine to tell but his eye 's on you,
You can lay all yo' troubles on de very highest she'f,
Fu' de little ol' brook 's jes' a talkin' to his se'f,
Sling along, sling along.

Sling along, sling along, sling along,
De 'possum grin,
But he run lak sin,
He know love 's sweet,
But he prize his meat.
Sling along, sling along.
He know you 'd stop fu' to hunt his hide,
If you los' a kiss and a hug beside,
But de feas' will come and de folks will eat,
When she tek yo' han' at de altah seat.
So sling along, sling along.

LONG AGO

LONG AGO

DE ol' time 's gone, de new time 's hyeah
Wid all hits fuss an' feddahs;
I done fu'got de joy an' cheah
We knowed all kin's o' weddahs,
I done fu'got each ol'-time hymn
We ust to sing in meetin';
I 's leahned de prah's, so neat an' trim,
De preachah keeps us 'peatin'.

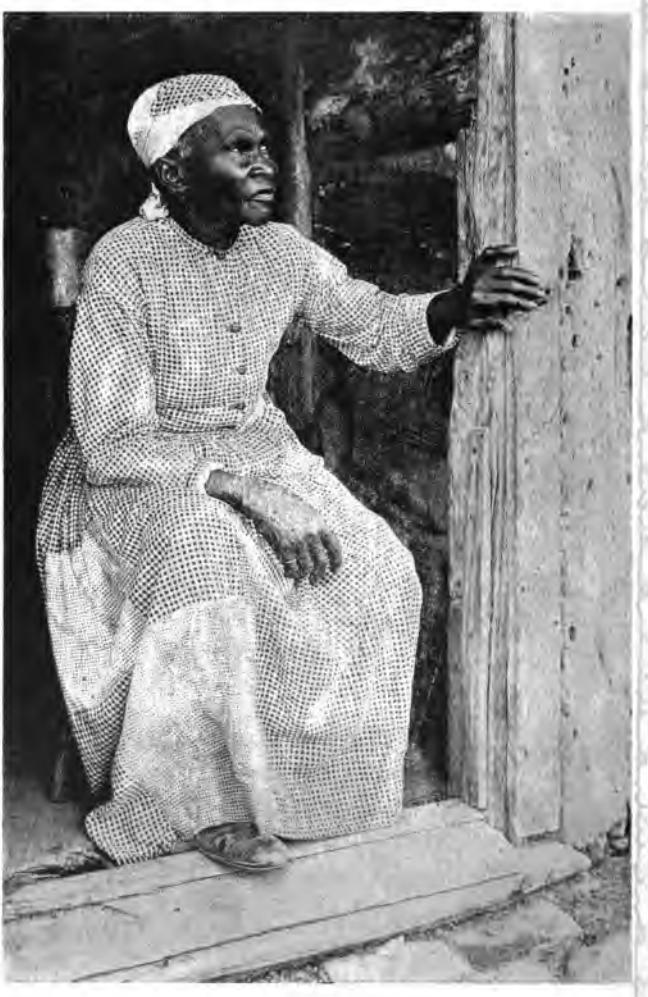
Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
De day of long ergo.

My youf, hit 's gone, yes, long ergo,
  An' yit I ain't a-moanin';
Hit 's fu' somet'ings I ust to know
  I set to-night a-honin'.
De pallet on de ol' plank flo',
  De rain bar'l und' de eaves,
De live oak 'fo' de cabin do',
  Whaih de night dove comes an' grieves.

  Hang a vine by de chimney side,
    An' one by de cabin do';
  An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
    De day of long ergo.

I 'd lak a few ol' frien's to-night
To come an' set wid me;
An' let me feel dat ol' delight
I ust to in dey glee.
But hyeah we is, my pipe an' me,
Wid no one else erbout;
We bofe is choked ez choked kin be,
An' bofe 'll soon go out.

Hang a vine by de chimney side,
An' one by de cabin do';
An' sing a song fu' de day dat died,
De day of long ergo.



KEEP A SONG UP ON THE WAY

KEEP A SONG UP ON THE WAY

OH, de clouds is mighty heavy
An' de rain is mighty thick;
Keep a song up on de way.
An' de waters is a rumblin'
On de boulders in de crick,
Keep a song up on de way.
Fu' a bird ercross de road
Is a-singin' lak he knowed
Dat we people did n't daih
Fu' to try de rainy aih
Wid a song up on de way.

What 's de use o' gittin' mopy
Case de weather ain' de bes'!
Keep a song up on de way.
W'en de rain is fallin' ha'des',
Dey 's de longes' time to res';
Keep a song up on de way.
Dough de plough 's a-stan'in' still
Dey 'll be watah fu' de mill,
Rain mus' come ez well ez sun
'Fo' de weathah's wo'k is done,
Keep a song up on de way.

W'y hit 's nice to hyeah de showahs
Fallin' down ermong de trees:
  Keep a song up on de way.
Ef de birds don' bothah 'bout it,
But go singin' lak dey please,
  Keep a song up on de way.
You don' s'pose I 's gwine to see
Dem ah fowls do mo' dan me?
No, suh, I 'll des chase dis frown,
An' aldough de rain fall down,
  Keep a song up on de way.

PHILOSOPHY

PHILOSOPHY

I BEEN t'inkin' 'bout de preachah; whut
he said de othah night,
'Bout hit bein' people's dooty fu' to keep
dey faces bright;
How one ought to live so pleasant dat ouah
tempah never riles,
Meetin' evahbody roun' us wid ouah very
nicest smiles.

Dat 's all right, I ain't a-sputin, not a t'ing
dat soun's lak fac',
But you don't ketch folks a-grinnin, wid a
misery in de back;
An' you don't fin' dem a-smilin' w'en dey 's
hongry ez kin be,
Leastways, dat 's how human natur' allus
seems to 'pear to me.
We is mos' all putty likely fu' to have our
little cares,
An' I think we 'se doin' fus' rate w'en we
jes' go long and bears,
Widout breakin' up ouah faces in a sickly so't
o' grin,
W'en we knows dat in ouah innards we is
p'intly mad ez sin.

Oh dey 's times fu' bein' pleasant an' fu' goin'
smilin' roun',
'Cause I don't believe in people allus totin'
roun' a frown,
But it 's easy 'nough to titter w'en de stew is
smokin' hot,
But hit 's mighty ha'd to giggle w'en dey 's
nuffin' in de pot.

NOON

NOON

SHADDER in de valley
Sunlight on de hill,
Sut'ny wish dat locus'
Knowed how to be still.
Don't de heat already
Mek a body hum,
'Dout dat insec' sayin'
Hottah days to come?

Fiel' 's a shinin' yaller
Wid de bendin' grain,
Guinea hen a-callin',
Now 's de time fu' rain;
Shet yo' mouf, you rascal,
Wha' 's de use to cry?
You do' see no rain clouds
Up dah in de sky.

Dis hyeah sweat 's been po'in'
Down my face sence dawn;
Ain't hit time we 's hyeahin'
Dat ah dinnah ho'n?
Go on, Ben an' Jaspah,
Lif' yo' feet an' fly,
Hit out fu' de shadder
Fo' I drap an' die.

Hongry, lawd a' mussy,
Hongry as a baih,
Seems lak I hyeah dinnah
Callin' evahwhaih;
Daih 's de ho'n a blowin'!
Let dat cradle swing,
One mo' sweep, den da'kies,
Beat me to de spring!

THE VOICE OF THE BANJO

THE VOICE OF THE BANJO

IN a small and lonely cabin out of noisy
traffic's way,
Sat an old man, bent and feeble, dusk of face,
and hair of gray,
And beside him on the table, battered, old,
and worn as he,
Lay a banjo, droning forth this reminiscent
melody:

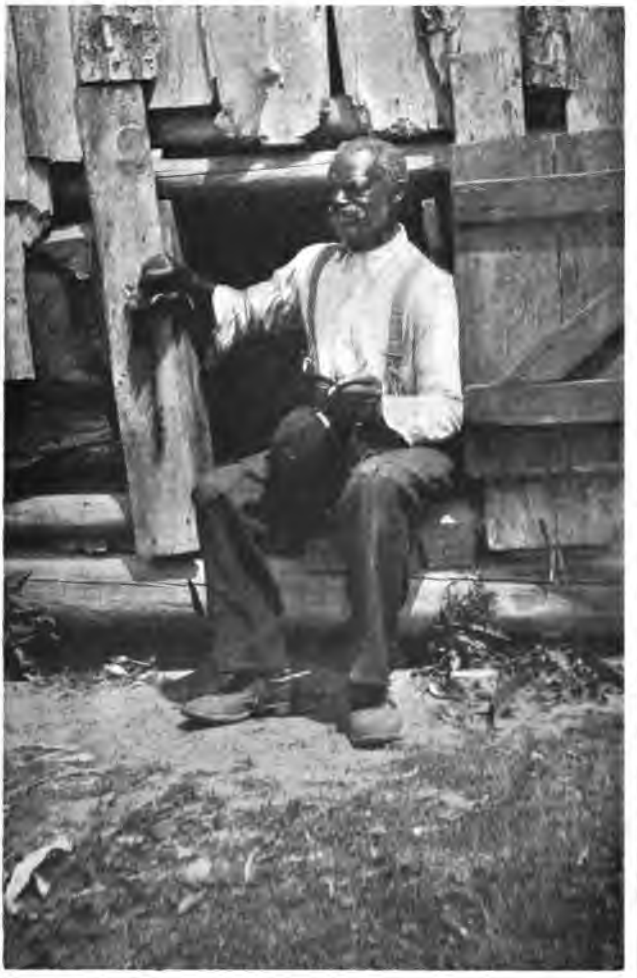
"Night is closing in upon us, friend of mine,
but don't be sad;
Let us think of all the pleasures and the joys
that we have had.
Let us keep a merry visage, and be happy till
the last,
Let the future still be sweetened with the
honey of the past.

"For I speak to you of summer nights upon
the yellow sand,
When the Southern moon was sailing high
and silvering all the land;
And if love tales were not sacred, there 's a tale
that I could tell
Of your many nightly wanderings with a dusk
and lovely belle.

"And I speak to you of care-free songs when
labour's hour was o'er,
And a woman waiting for your step outside
the cabin door,
And of something roly-poly that you took
upon your lap,
While you listened for the stumbling, hesitat-
ing words, 'Pap, pap.'

"I could tell you of a 'possum hunt across the
wooded grounds,
I could call to mind the sweetness of the bay-
ing of the hounds,
You could lift me up and smelling of the tim-
ber that 's in me,
Build again a whole green forest with the
mem'ry of a tree.

"So the future cannot hurt us while we keep
the past in mind,
What care I for trembling fingers, — what care
you that you are blind?
Time may leave us poor and stranded, cir-
cumstance may make us bend;
But they 'll only find us mellower, won't they,
comrade? — in the end."



THE REAL QUESTION

THE REAL QUESTION

FOLKS is talkin' 'bout de money, 'bout de silvah an' de gold;
All de time de season 's changin' an' de days is gittin' cold.
An' dey 's wond'rin' 'bout de metals, whethah we 'll have one er two.
While de price o' coal is risin' an' dey 's two months' rent dat 's due.

Some folks says dat gold 's de only money dat is wuff de name,
Den de othahs rise an' tell 'em dat dey ought to be ashame,
An' dat silvah is de only thing to save us f'om de powah
Of de gold-bug ragin' 'roun' an' seekin' who he may devowah.

Well, you folks kin keep on shoutin' wif yo' gold er silvah cry,
But I tell you people hams is sceerce an' fowls is roostin' high.
An' hit ain't de so't o' money dat is pesterin' my min',
But de question I want answehed 's how to get at any kin'!

AT NIGHT

AT NIGHT

WHUT time 'd dat clock strike?
Nine? No — eight;
I did n't think hit was so late.
Aer chew! I must 'a' got a cough,
I raally b'lieve I did doze off —
Hit 's mighty soothin' to de tiah,
A-dozin' dis way by de fiah;
Oo oom — hit feels so good to stretch;
I sutny is one weary wretch!

Look hyeah, dat boy done gone to sleep!
He des ain't wo'th his boa'd an' keep;
I des don't b'lieve he 'd bat his eyes
If Gab'el called him fo'm de skies!
But sleepin' 's good dey ain't no doubt —
Dis pipe o' mine is done gone out.
Don't bu'n a minute, bless my soul,
Des please to han' me dat ah coal.

You 'Lias git up now, my son,
Seems lak my nap is des begun;
You sutny mus' ma'k down de day
W'en I treats comp'ny dis away!
W'y, Brother Jones, dat drowse come on,
An' laws! I dremp dat you was gone!
You 'Lias, whaih yo' mannahs, suh,
To hyeah me call an' nevah stuh!

To-morrer mo'nin' w'en I call,
Dat boy 'll be sleepin' to beat all,
Don't mek no diffunce how I roah,
He 'll des lay up an' sno', an' sno'.
Now, boy, you done hyeahed whut I said,
You bettah tek yo'se'f yo' baid,
Case ef you gits me good an' wrong
I 'll mek dat sno' a diffunt song.

Dis wood fiah is invitin, dho',
Hit seems to wa'm de ve'y flo' —
An' nuffin' ain't a whit ez sweet
Ez settin' toastin' of yo' feet.
Hit mek you drowsy, too, but la!
Hyeah, 'Lias, don't you hyeah yo' ma?
Ef I gits sta'ted f'om dis cheah
I' lay, you scamp, I 'll mek you heah!

To-morrer mo'nin' I kin bawl
Twell all de neighbohs hyeah me call;
An' you 'll be snoozin' des ez deep
Ez if de day was made fu' sleep;
Hit 's funny when you got a cough
Somehow yo' voice seems too fu' off —
Can't wake dat boy fu' all I say,
I reckon he 'll sleep daih 'twell day!

TEMPTATION

TEMPTATION

I DONE got 'uligion, honey, an' I 's happy
ez a king;
Evahthing I see erbout me 's jes' lak sunshine
in de spring;
An' it seems lak I do' want to do anothah
blessid thing
But jes' run an' tell de neighbours, an' to shout
an' pray an' sing.

I done shuk my fis' at Satan, an' I 's gin de
worl' my back;
I do' want no hendrin' causes now a-both'rin'
in my track;
Fu' I 's on my way to glory, an' I feels too sho'
to miss.
W'y, dey ain't no use in sinnin' when 'uligion 's
sweet ez dis.

Talk erbout a man backslidin' w'en he 's on
de gospel way;
No, suh, I done beat de debbil, an' Tempta-
tion 's los' de day.
Gwine to keep my eyes right straight up, gwine
to shet my eahs, an' see
Whut ole projick Mistah Satan 's gwine to try
to wuk on me.

Listen, whut dat soun' I hyeah dah? 'tain't no
one commence to sing;
It 's a fiddle; git erway dah! don' you hyeah
dat blessid thing?
W'y, dat 's sweet ez drippin' honey, 'cause, you
knows, I draws de bow,
An' when music 's sho' 'nough music, I 's de
one dat 's sho' to know.

W'y I 's done de double shuffle, 'twell a body
could n't res',
Jes' a-hyeahin' Sam de fiddlah play dat chune
his level bes';
I could cut a mighty caper, I could gin a
mighty fling
Jes' right now, I 's mo' dan suttain I could
cut de pigeon wing.

Look hyeah, whut 's dis I 's been sayin'? whut
on urf 's tuk holt o' me?
Dat ole music come nigh runnin' my 'uligion
up a tree!
Cleah out wif dat dah ole fiddle, don' you try
dat trick agin;
Did n't think I could be tempted, but you lak
to made me sin!

SPRING FEVER

SPRING FEVER

GRASS commence a-comin'
Thoo de thawin' groun',
Evah bird dat whistles
Keepin' noise erroun';
Cain't sleep in de mo'nin',
Case befo' it 's light
Bluebird an' de robin
Done begun to fight.

Bluebird sass de robin,
Robin sass him back,
Den de bluebird scol' him
'Twell his face is black.
Would n' min' de quoilin'
All de mo'nin' long,
'Cept it wakes me early,
Case hit 's done in song.

Anybody wo'kin
Wants to sleep ez late
Ez de folks 'll 'low him,
An' I wish to state
(Co'se dis ain't to scattah,
But 'twix' me an' you),
I could stan' de bedclothes,
Kin' o' latah, too.

'T ain't my natchul feelin',
Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute
I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
Nevah seemed so sweet.

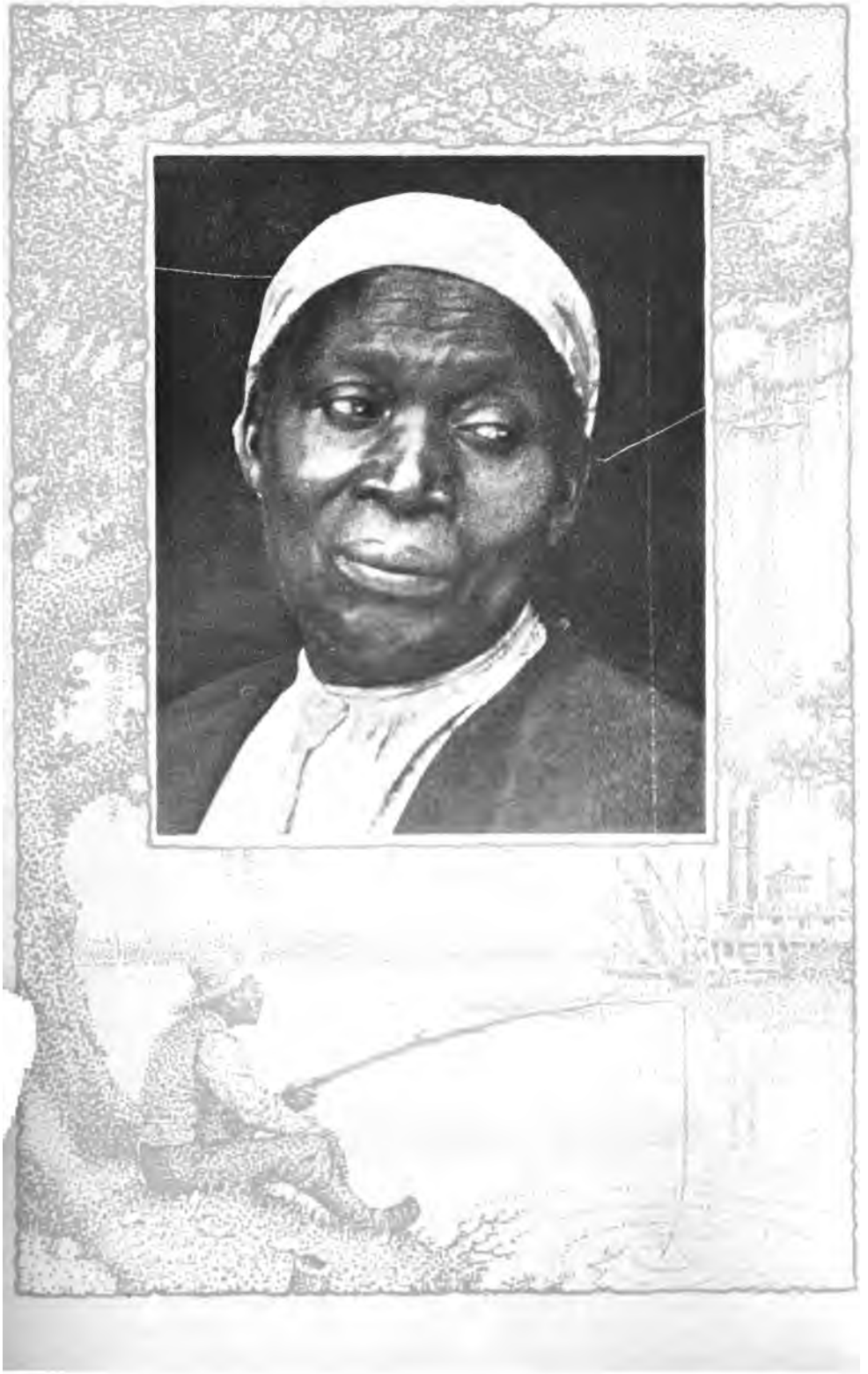
Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
Hit 's a funny t'ing,
Less'n hit 's de fevah
Dat you gits in spring.

A LITTLE CHRISTMAS BASKET

DE win' is hollahin' " Daih you " to de shut-
tahs an' de fiah,
De snow 's a-sayin' " Got you " to de groun',
Fu' de wintah weathah 's come widout a-askin'
ouah desiah,
An' he 's laughin' in his sleeve at whut he
foun';
Fu' dey ain't nobody ready wid dey fuel er dey
food,
An' de money bag look timid lak, fu' sho',
So we want ouah Chrismus sermon, but we 'd
lak it ef you could
Leave a little Chrismus basket at de do'.
Wha 's de use o' tellin' chillen 'bout a Santy er
a Nick,
An' de sto'ies dat a body allus tol'?
When de harf is gray wid ashes an' you has n't
got a stick
Fu' to warm dem when dey little toes is col'?

'T ain't de time to open Bibles an' to lock yo'
cellah do',
'T ain't de time to talk o' bein' good to men;
Ef you want to preach a sermon ez you nevah
preached befo',
Preach dat sermon wid a shoat er wid er hen;
Bein' good is heap sight bettah den a-dallyin'
wid sin,
An' dey ain't nobody roun' dat knows it mo',
But I t'ink dat 'ligion 's sweeter w'en it kind o'
mixes in
Wid a little Chrismus basket at de do'.

Wha 's de use o' preachin' 'ligion to a man dat 's
sta'ved to def,
An' a-tellin' him de Mastah will pu'vide?
Ef you want to tech his feelin's, save yo' ser-
mons an' yo' bref,
Tek a little Chrismus basket by yo' side.



AN ANTI-BELLUM SERMON

AN ANTE-BELLUM SERMON

WE is gathahed hyeah, my brothahs,
In dis howlin' wildaness,
Fu' to speak some words of comfo't
To each othah in distress.
An' we chooses fu' ouah subjic'
Dis — we 'll 'splain it by an' by;
"An' de Lawd said, 'Moses, Moses,'
An' de man said, 'Hyeah am I.'"

Now ole Pher'oh, down in Egypt,
Was de wuss man evah bo'n,
An' he had de Hebrew chillun
Down dah wukin' in his co'n;
'Twell de Lawd got tiahed o' his foolin',
An' sez he: "I 'll let him know —
Look hyeah, Moses, go tell Pher'oh
Fu' to let dem chillun go."

"An' ef he refuse to do it,
I will make him rue de houah,
Fu' I 'll empty down on Egypt
All de vials of my powah."
Yes, he did — an' Pher'oh's ahmy
Was n't wuth a ha'f a dime;
Fu' de Lawd will he'p his chillun,
You kin trust him evah time.

'T ain't my natchul feelin',
  Dis hyeah mopin' spell.
I stan's early risin'
  Mos'ly moughty well;
But de ve'y minute
  I feel Ap'il's heat,
Bless yo' soul, de bedclothes
  Nevah seemed so sweet.

Mastah, he 's a-scol'in',
  Case de han's is slow,
All de hosses balkin',
  Jes' cain't mek 'em go.
Don' know whut 's de mattah,
  Hit 's a funny t'ing,
Less'n hit 's de fevah
  Dat you gits in spring.

An' de lan' shall hyeah his thundah,
  Lak a blas' f'om Gab'el's ho'n,
Fu' de Lawd of hosts is mighty
  When he girds his ahmor on.
But fu' feah some one mistakes me,
  I will pause right hyeah to say,
Dat I 'm still a-preachin' ancient,
  I ain't talkin' 'bout to-day.

But I tell you, fellah christuns,
  Things 'll happen mighty strange;
Now, de Lawd done dis fu' Isrul,
  An' his ways don't nevah change,
An' de love he showed to Isrul
  Was n't all on Isrul spent;
Now don't run an' tell yo' mastahs
  Dat I 's preachin' discontent.

'Cause I is n't; I 'se a-judgin'
  Bible people by deir ac's;
I 'se a-givin' you de Scriptuah,
  I 'se a-handin' you de fac's.
Cose ole Pher'oh b'lieved in slav'ry,
  But de Lawd he let him see,
Dat de people he put bref in, —
  Evah mothah's son was free.

An' dahs othahs thinks lak Pher'oh,
  But dey calls de Scriptuah liar,
Fu' de Bible says " a servant
  Is a-worthy of his hire."
An' you cain't git roun' nor thoo dat,
  An' you cain't git ovah it,
Fu' whatevah place you git in,
  Dis hyeah Bible too 'll fit.

So you see de Lawd's intention,
  Evah sence de worl' began,
Was dat His almighty freedom
  Should belong to evah man,
But I think it would be bettah,
  Ef I 'd pause agin to say,
Dat I 'm talkin' 'bout ouah freedom
  In a Bibleistic way.

But de Moses is a-comin',
  An' he 's comin' suah and fas'.
We kin hyeah his feet a-trompin',
  We kin hyeah his trumpit blas'.
But I want to wa'n you people,
  Don't you git too frigity;
An' don't you git to braggin'
  'Bout dese things, you wait an' see.

But when Moses wif his powah
  Comes an' sets us chillun free,
We will praise de gracious Mastah
  Dat has gin us liberty;
An' we 'll shout ouah halleluyahs,
  On dat mighty reck'nin' day,
When we 'se reco'nised ez citiz' —
  Huh uh! Chillun, let us pray!

A FROLIC

A FROLIC

SWING yo' lady roun' an' roun',
  Do de bes' you know;
Mek yo' bow an' p'omenade
  Up an' down de flo';
Mek dat banjo hump huhse'f,
  Listen at huh talk:
Mastah gone to town to-night;
  'T ain't no time to walk.

Lif' yo' feet an' flutter thoo,
  Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you 'll be kotched an' kissed
  'Fo' de night is done.
You don't need to be so proud —
  I 's a-watchin' you,
An' I 's layin' lots o' plans
  Fu' to git you, too.

Moonlight on de cotton-fiel'
  Shinin' sof, an' white,
Whippo'will a-tellin' tales
  Out thaih in de night;
An' yo' cabin 's 'crost de lot:
  Run, Miss Lucy, run;
Reckon you 'll be kotched an' kissed
  'Fo' de night is done.

A PLANTATION MELODY

A PLANTATION MELODY

DE trees is bendin' in de sto'm,
De rain done hid de mountain's fo'm,
I 's 'lone an' in distress.
But listen, dah 's a voice I hyeah,
A-sayin' to me, loud an' cleah,
"Lay low in de wildaness."

De lightnin' flash, de bough sway low,
My po' sick hea't is trimblin' so,
It hu'ts my very breas'.
But him dat give de lightnin' powah
Jes' bids me in de tryin' howah
"Lay low in de wildaness."

O brothah, w'en de tempes' beat,
An' w'en yo' weary head an' feet
  Can't fin' no place to res',
Jes' 'membah dat de Mastah 's nigh,
An' putty soon you 'll hyeah de cry,
  " Lay low in de wildaness."

O sistah, w'en de rain come down,
An' all yo' hopes is 'bout to drown,
  Don't trus' de Mastah less.
He smilin' w'en you t'ink he frown,
He ain' gwine let yo' soul sink down —
  Lay low in de wildaness.

JILTED

JILTED

LUCY done gone back on me,
Dat 's de way wif life.
Evaht'ing was movin' free,
T'ought I had my wife.
Den some dahky comes along,
Sings my gal a little song,
Since den, evaht'ing 's gone wrong,
Evah day dey 's strife.

Did n't answeh me to-day,
W'en I called huh name,
Would you t'ink she 'd ac' dat way
W'en I ain't to blame?
Dat 's de way dese women do,
W'en dey fin's a fellow true,
Den dey 'buse him thoo an' thoo;
Well, hit 's all de same.

Somep'n 's wrong erbout my lung,
An' I 's glad hit 's so.
Doctah says 'at I 'll die young,
Well, I wants to go!
Whut 's de use o' livin' hyeah,
W'en de gal you loves so deah
Goes back on you clean an' cleah —
I sh'd like to know?

A CABIN TALE

A CABIN TALE

THE YOUNG MASTER ASKS FOR A STORY

WHUT you say, dah? huh, uh! chile,
You 's enough to dribe me wile.
Want a sto'y! jes' hyeah dat!
Whah' 'll I git a sto'y at?
Di'n' I tell you th'ee las' night?
Go 'way, honey, you ain't right.
I got somep'n' else to do
'Cides jes' tellin' tales to you.
Tell you jes' one? Lem me see
Whut dat one 's a-gwine to be.
When you 's ole yo' membry fails;
Seems lak I do' know no tales.
Well, set down dah in dat cheer,
Keep still ef you wants to hyeah.
Tek dat chin up off yo' han's,
Set up nice now. Goodness lan's!
Hol' yo'se'f up lak yo' pa.
Bet nobidy evah saw
Him scrunched down lak you was den—
High-tone boys meks high-tone men.

Once dey was a ole black bah,
Used to live 'roun' hyeah somewhah
In a cave. He was so big
He could ca'y off a pig
Lak you picks a chicken up,
Er yo' leetles' bit o' pup.
An' he had two gread big eyes,
Jes' erbout a saucer's size.

Why, dey looked lak balls o' fiah
Jumpin' 'roun' erpon a wiah
W'en dat bah was mad; an' laws!
But you ought to seen his paws!
Did I see 'em? How you 'spec
I 's a-gwine to ricollec'
Dis hyeah ya'n I 's try'n' to spin
Ef you keeps on puttin' in?
You keep still an' don't you cheep
Less I 'll sen' you off to sleep.
Dis hyeah bah 'd go trompin' 'roun'
Eatin' evahthing he foun';
No one could n't have a fa'm
But dat bah 'u'd do 'em ha'm;
And dey could n't ketch de scamp.
Anywhah he wan'ed to tramp,
Dah de scoun'el 'd mek his track,
Do his dut' an' come on back.
He was sich a sly ole limb,
Traps was jes' lak fun to him.

Now, down neah whah Mistah Bah
Lived, dey was a weasel dah;
But dey was n't fren's a-tall
Case de weasel was so small.
An' de bah 'u'd, jes' fu' sass,
Tu'n his nose up w'en he 'd pass.
Weasels 's small o' cose, but my!
Dem air animiles is sly.
So dis hyeah one says, says he,
"I 'll jes' fix dat bah, you see."

So he fixes up his plan
An' hunts up de fa'merman.
When de fa'mer see him come,
He 'mence lookin' mighty glum,
An' he ketches up a stick;
But de weasel speak up quick:
"Hol' on, Mistah Fa'merman,
I wan' 'splain a little plan.
Ef you waits, I 'll tell you whah
An' jes' how to ketch ol' Bah.
But I tell you now you mus'
Gin me one fat chicken fus'."
Den de man he scratch his haid,
Las' he say, "I 'll mek de trade."
So de weasel et his hen,
Smacked his mouf and says, "Well, den,
Set yo' trap an' bait ternight,
An' I 'll ketch de bah all right."
Den he ups an' goes to see
Mistah Bah, an' says, says he:
"Well, fren Bah, we ain't been fren's,
But ternight ha'd feelin' en's.
Ef you ain't too proud to steal,
We kin git a splendid meal.
Cose I would n't come to you,
But it mus' be done by two;
Hit 's a trap, but we kin beat
All dey tricks an' git de meat."
"Cose I 's wif you," says de bah,
"Come on, Weasel, show me whah."
Well, dey trots erlong ontwell

Dat air meat beginned to smell
In de trap. Den weasel say:
"Now you put yo' paw dis way
While I hol' de spring back so,
Den you grab de meat an' go."
Well, de bah he had to grin
Ez he put his big paw in,
Den he juked up, but — kerbing!
Weasel done let go de spring.
"Dah now," says de weasel, "dah,
I done cotched you, Mistah Bah!"
O, dat bah did sno't and spout,
Try'n' his bestes' to git out,
But de weasel say, "Goo'-bye!
Weasel small, but weasel sly."
Den he tu'ned his back an' run
Tol' de fa'mer whut he done.
So de fa'mer come down dah,
Wif a axe and killed de bah.

Dah now, ain't dat sto'y fine?
Run erlong now, nevah min'.
Want some mo', you rascal, you?
No, suh! no, suh! dat 'll do.

POSSESSION

POSSESSION

WHOSE little lady is you, chile,
Whose little gal is you?
What 's de use o' kiver'n up yo' face?
Chile, dat ain't de way to do.
Lemme see yo' little eyes,
Tek yo' little han's down nice,
Lawd, you wuff a million bills,
Huh uh, chile, dat ain't yo' price.

Honey, de money ain't been made
Dat dey could pay fu' you;
'T ain't no use a-biddin'; you too high
Fu' de riches' Jap er Jew.
Lemme see you smilin' now,
How dem teef o' yo'n do shine,
An' de t'ing dat meks me laff
Is dat all o' you is mine.

How 's I gwine to tell you how I feel,
How 's I gwine to weigh yo' wuff?
Oh, you sholy is de sweetes' t'ing
Walkin' on dis blessed earf.
Possum is de sweetes' meat,
Cidah is de nices' drink,
But my little lady-bird
Is de bes' of all, I t'ink.

Talk erbout 'uligion he'pin' folks
All thoo de way o' life,
Gin de res' 'uligion, des' gin me
You, my little lady-wife.
Den de days kin come all ha'd,
Den de nights kin come all black,
Des' you tek me by de han',
An' I 'll stumble on de track.

Stumble on de way to Gawd, my chile,
Stumble on, an' mebbe fall;
But I 'll keep a-trottin', while you lead on,
Pickin' an' a-trottin', dat 's all.
Hol' me mighty tight, dough, chile,
Fu' hit 's rough an' rocky lan',
Heaben 's at de en', I know,
So I 's leanin' on yo' han'.

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Whut 's dat un'neaf yo' coat?
Looks des lak a little shoat.
'T ain't no possum! Bless de Lamb!
Yes, it is, you rascal, Sam!

Gin it to me; whut you say?
Ain't you sma't now! Oh, go 'way!
Possum do look mighty nice,
But you ax too big a price.

Tell me, is you talkin' true,
Dat 's de gal's whut ma'ies you?
Come back, Sam; now whah 's you gwine?
Co'se you knows dat possum 's mine!

A COQUETTE CONQUERED

A COQUETTE CONQUERED

YES, my ha't 's ez ha'd ez stone —
Go 'way, Sam, an' lemme 'lone.
No; I ain't gwine change my min' —
Ain't gwine ma'y you — nuffin' de kin'.

Phiny loves you true an' deah?
Go ma'y Phiny; whut I keer?
Oh, you need n't mou'n an' cry —
I don't keer how soon you die.

Got a present! Whut you got?
Somef'n fu' de pan er pot!
Huh! yo' sass do sholy beat —
Think I don't git 'nough to eat?

POSSESSION

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JEALOUS

JEALOUS

HYEAH come Cæsar Higgins,
Don't he think he 's fine?
Look at dem new riggin's,
Ain't he tryin' to shine?
Got a standin' collar
An' a stove-pipe hat,
I 'll jes' bet a dollar
Some one gin him dat.

Don't one o' you mention,
Nothin' 'bout his cloes,
Don't pay no attention,
Er let on you knows
Dat he 's got 'em on him,
Why, 't 'll mek him sick,
Jes go on an' sco'n him,
My, ain't dis a trick!

Look hyeah, whut 's he doin'
Lookin' t' othah way?
Dat ere move 's a new one,
Some one call him, "Say?"
Can't you see no pusson —
Puttin' on you' airs,
Sakes alive, you 's wuss'n
Dese hyeah millionaires.

Need n't git so flighty,
Case you got dat suit.
Dem cloes ain't so mighty, —
Second hand to boot,
I 's a-tryin' to spite you!
Full of jealousy!
Look hyeah, man, I 'll fight you,
Don't you fool wid me!